

## O. HENRY'S LAST AND BEST SHORT STORIES

A NIGHT IN  
NEW ARABIAThe Romance of a New York  
Fortune That Couldn't  
Be Lost.

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**PART I.**

THE great city of Bagdad-on-the-Buwayh is calip-rickety. Its palace, bazars, khans and byways are thronged with Al Rashids in divers disguises, seeking diversion and victims for their unbridled generosity.

You can scarcely find a poor beggar whom they are willing to let enjoy his spots unassured nor a wrecked unfortunate upon whom they will not shower the means of fresh misfortune. You will hardly find anywhere a hungry one who has not had the opportunity to tighten his belt in gift libraries, or a poor pundit who has not blushed at the holiday basket of celery-crowned turkey forced resoundingly through his door by the eleemosynary press.

Old Jacob Spraggins mixed for himself some Scotch and lithia water at his \$1.20 oak sideboard. Inspiration must have resulted from its imbibition, for immediately afterward he struck the quartered oak soundly with his fist and shouted to the empty dining-room:

"By the coals of Hades, it must be that ten thousand dollars! If I can get that squared, I'll do the trick!"

When old Jacob was young Jacob he was a breaker boy in a Pennsylvania coal mine. I don't know what a breaker boy is, but his occupation seems to be standing by a coal dump with a wan look and a dinner pail to have his picture taken for magazine articles. Anyhow, Jacob was one. But instead of dying of overwork at nine, and leaving his helpless parents and brothers at the mercy of the union strikers' reserve fund, he hitched up his galluses, put dollar and two in a side proposition now and then and at forty-five was worth \$25,000,000.

At fifty-five Jacob retired from active business. The income of a Car was still rolling in on him from coal, iron, real estate, oil, railroads, manufacturers and corporations, but none of it touched Jacob's hands in a raw state. It was a

sterilized increment, carefully cleaned and dusted and fumigated until it arrived at its ultimate stage of untainted spotless checks in the white fingers of his private secretary.

Jacob built a three-million-dollar palace on a corner lot fronting on Nabob avenue, city of New Bagdad, and began to feel the mantle of the late H. A. Rashid, descending upon him.

Eventually Jacob slipped the mantle under his collar, tied it in a neat four-in-hand, and became a licensed harrier of his Mesopotamian proletarians.

When a man's income becomes so large that the butcher actually sends him the kind of steak he orders, he begins to think about his soul's salvation. Now, the various stages or classes of rich men must not be forgotten. The capitalist can tell you to a dollar the amount of his wealth. The trust magnate "estimates" it.

When Jacob first began to compare the eyes of needles with the camels in the Zoo he decided upon organized charity. He had his secretary send a check for one million to the Universal Benevolent Association of the Globe. You may have looked down through a grating in front of a decayed warehouse for a noble the you had dropped through. But that is neither here nor there. The Association acknowledged receipt of his favor of the 24th ult. with enclosure as stated.

Separated by a double line, but still mightily close to the matter under the caption of "Oddities of the Day's News" an evening paper, Jacob Spraggins read that one "Jaap Spraggins" had "donated \$100,000 to the U. S. A. of G." A camel may have a stomach for each day in the week; but I dare not venture to accord him whippers for fear of the Great Displeasure at Washington; but if he have whippers, surely one of them will seem to have been inserted in the eye of a needle by the effort of that rich man to enter the K. of H. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids. Signed, S. Peter, secretary and gatekeeper.

Next, Jacob selected the best endowed college he could secure up and presented it with a \$200,000 laboratory. The college did not maintain a scientific course, but it accepted the money and built an elaborate lavatory instead, which was no diversion of funds so far as Jacob ever discovered.

The faculty met and invited Jacob to come over and take his A. B. C. degree. Before sending the invitation they smiled, cut out the C, added the proper punctuation marks and all was well.

While walking on the campus before being capped and gowned Jacob saw two professors strolling nearby. Their voices, long adapted to indoor acoustics, undesignedly reached his ear.

"There goes the latest chivalric 'dim durstle,'" said one of them. "To buy a sleeping powder from us. He goes this degree to-morrow."

"Is a fore conclusion," said the other. "Let's have 'arf a brick at 'im."

Jacob ignored the Latin, but the brick playfulness was not too hard for him. There was no mandragora in the honorary draught of learning that he had bought. That was before the passage of the Pure Food and Drugs act.

Jacob wore of philanthropy on a large scale.

"If I could see folk made happier," he said to himself—"If I could see 'em myself and hear 'em express their gratitude for what I done for 'em it would make me feel better. This donating funds to institutions and societies is about as satisfactory as dropping money into a broken slot machine."

Jacob followed his nose, which led him through unwept streets to the homes of the poor.

"The very thing!" said Jacob. "I'll charter two river steamboats, pack them full of these unfortunate children and—say ten thousand dolls and drums and a thousand freezers of ice-cream, and give them a delightful outing up the Sound. The sea breeze on that trip ought to blow the taint out of some of this money that keeps coming in faster than I can work it off my mind."

Jacob must have leaked some of his benevolent intentions, for an immense person with a bald face and a mouth that looked as if it ought to have hooked a finger around him and set him in a space between a barber's pole and a stack of ash cans. Words came out of the post-office slit-smooth, husky words with gloves on 'em, but sounding as if they might turn to bare knuckles any moment.

"Say, Sport, do you know where you are at? Well, dis is Mike O'Grady's district you're buttin' into—see? Mike's got de stomach-ache privilege for every kid in dis neighborhood—see? And if dere's any picnics or red balloons to be dealt out here, Mike's money pays for 'em—see? Don't you butt in, or some thing'll be handed to you. Youse d—settlers and reformers with your social ologies and your millionaire detectives have got dis district in a bad fix, anyhow. With your college students and professors rough-housing de soda-water stands and dem rubber-neck coaches fillin' de streets, de folks down here are 'traid to go out of de house. Now, you leave 'em to Mike. Dey belongs to him, and he knows how to handle 'em. Keep on your own side of de town. Are you son wise now, or are you 'traid to go out of de house. Mike O'Grady for de Santa Claus belt in dis district!"

Clearly, that spot in the moral vineyard was reserved for Mike O'Grady. So Caliph Spraggins gins menaced no more the people in the bazars of the east side. To keep down his growing surplus he doubled his donations to organized charity, presented the Y. M. C. A. of his native town with a \$10,000 collection of butter-dies, and sent a check to the famine-stricken in China big enough to buy new emerald eyes and diamond-filled teeth for all their gods. But none of these charitable acts seemed to bring peace to the caliph's heart.

He tried to get a personal note into his benefactions by tipping bell-boys and waiters \$10 and \$25 bills. He got well snickered at and derided for that by the minions who accept with respect gratuities commensurate to the service performed. He sought out an ambitious and talented but poor young woman, and bought for her the star part in a new comedy. He might have gotten rid of \$30,000 more of his cumbersome

day and gave her heart to the grocer's young man. The receiver thereof was at that moment engaged in conceding immortality to his horse and calling down upon him the ultimate fate of the wicked; so he did not notice the transfer. A horse should stand still when you are lifting a crate of strictly new-laid eggs out of the wagon.

The grocer's young man was slim and straight and an confident and easy in his movements as the man in the back of the magazines who wears the new frictionless roller suspenders. He wore a gray bicycle cap on the back of his head, and his hair was straw-colored and curly, and his sunburned face looked like one that smiled a good deal when he was not preaching the

To be explicit, Annette McCormick, the second housemaid, who deserves a paragraph herself. Annette Fletcher had large numbers of romantic novels which she obtained at a free public library branch (donated by one of the biggest caliphs in the business). She was Caliph's sidekick, and chum, though Aunt Henrietta didn't know it, you may hazard a bean or two.

"Oh, canary-bird seed!" exclaimed Annette. "Ain't it a corkin' situation? You a hearse, and fallin' in love with him on sight! He's a sweet boy, too, and above his business. But he ain't suspicious like the common run of grocer's assistants. He never pays no attention to me."

"Riches!" began Annette, unheeding.

There's any money mixed up with my looks, such as they are. That's fair. Now, I want you to lend me one of your caps and an apron, Annette."

"Oh, marshmallows!" cried Annette. "I see. Ain't it lovely? It's just like Lorraine, the Left-Handed, or, A Button-hole Maker's Wreath. I'll bet he'll turn out to be a count."

There was a long hallway for "passage-way," as they call it in the land of the Colonels with one side latticed, running along the rear of the house. The grocer's young man went through this to deliver his goods. One morning he passed a girl in there with shining eyes, sallow complexion, and wide, smiling mouth, wearing a maid's cap and apron. But as he was cumbered with a basket of Early Drumhead lettuce and Trophy tomatoes and three bunches of asparagus and six bottles of the most expensive Queen olives, he saw no more than that she was one of the maids.

But on his way out he came up behind her, and she was whistling "Fishers' Hornpipe" so loudly and clearly that his disjoined thumbs and crept into their cases for shame.

The grocer's young man stopped and pushed back his cap until it hung on his collar button behind.

"That's out of sight, Kid," said he. "My name is Celia, if you please," said the whistler, dashing him with a three inch smile.

"That's all right. I'm Thomas McLeod. What part of the house do you work in?"

"I'm the second parlor maid."

"Do you know the 'Falling Waters'?"

"No," said Celia. "We don't know anybody. We got rich too quick—that is, Mr. Spraggins did."

"I'll make you acquainted," said Thomas McLeod. "It's a strathpey—a first cousin to a hornpipe."

If Celia's whistling put the piccolos out of commission, Thomas McLeod's surely made the biggest fuses hunt their holes. He could actually whistle bass.

When he stopped Celia was ready to jump into his delivery wagon and ride with him clear to the end of the pier and on to the ferry-boat of the Charon line.

"I'll be around to-morrow at 10.15," said Thomas, "with some spinach and a case of carbonic."

"I'll practice that what-you-call-it," said Celia. "I can whistle a fine second."

(To Be Continued.)



DON'T YOU BUTT IN OR SOMETHING'LL BE HANDED TO YOU.

ing the not unjustifiable feminine sting. "Oh, you're not so beautiful," said Celia, with her wide, disarming smile. "Neither am I; but he ain't know that."

## "Cheer Up, Cuthbert!"

What's the Use of Being Blue?  
There Is a Lot of Luck Left.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

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**B**UCK UP and Buckle Down!

It looks like the Eastest Way merely because it is an inviting Entrance!

The Lady Fortune is not so stingy as she is Shy!

Self-Sympathy is a Soothing Syllabus, but Self-Castigation is the Tonic!

The Thing is bound to look Pretty Punk when we look at it from Only One Angle!

You don't have to Know How to Sing to Join a Glee Club!

The Late Repentance is O. K. if the Liver Remains Unshrunk!

Some of us Need to Fletcherize our Conversation as well as our Fodder!

When we can't Contrive any other Excuse, we Whimper that we're Victims of Impulse!

Our Right to be Happy is Inalienable by anybody except Ourselves!

Broadness of Mind is a Fine Little Article, but it doesn't necessarily Denote Depth!

You can't Oil Your Brakes with that Tonsil-Tickling Stuff!

Fuadness and Fatuousness are Inter-changeable Terms!

The Man who Never Makes an Enemy is a Straddler!

Better be IN FRONT of the Bargain Counter than ON IT!

Forbidden Fruit generally ends by Tasting Like Ashes of Aloss!

Knowledge is Power, but some of it Needs to have a Lot of Puffs shucked out of it first!

Poverty is no Disgrace, yet somehow we never Feel like Bragging About It!

We know a Lot of Handshakers who Hypnotize themselves into the Belief that they Get Away with It!

It Hurts a Heap More to Hear the Truth than it Does to Tell It!

It's a Good System, when we Think we're in Pretty Bad, to Take a Slight Around and Observe how Much Worse the Other Fellow got it where His-watha Wore the Elks' Teeth!

Few of us Ever Begin to Gather until we Get Over Imagining that we're "Un-usual!"

The Trouble with Some of us is that we Never Find out the Psychological Moment for Backing Up!

## Fairy Tales for the Fair.

By Helen Rowland.

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**O**NCE upon a time there was a girl who believed that "Woman's Realm is in the Home."

She did not pine to go on the stage; neither did she fancy herself out for a Great Career.

She yearned only to be a "Queen of the Hearth."

She believed firmly in the old fallacy that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world; and she was never happier than when she was making chicken croquettes out of leftover veal, and pudding-a-la-mode out of stale bread crumbs, or trimming over last year's hat to make it look like this year's freak.

In fact, she was familiar with the accepted idea that "he that findeth a wife findeth a good thing"—and she was perfectly willing to be that "good thing."

But—it so happened that nobody offered her a HOME. To be sure, one or two men offered to marry her and come and board with Father, but Father did not exactly grasp the idea.

And so the maiden continued to hang upon the family tree, an "un-plucked flower."

In the course of time, however, Father laid down his job and went to a brighter world, and the embryo Queen of the Home was forced to lay down the needle and the darning, take up the pen and typewriter, and become a Slave of the Office.

She did not give up HOPE, however; for she knew that she was a man's IDEAL WOMAN, and she firmly believed that she would yet meet her Fate. So she cheerfully exchanged her dream of a sweet home life for the glorious freedom and independence of a back hall bedroom with a rusty latch key and a leaking gas jet and determined to SUCCEED in business by finding somebody to take her out of it.

It was scarcely a year before the bill clerk in the office offered her a Harlem flat if she would pay half the expense.

Yet she hesitated; and it was not until three of the eligible in the place had married chorus girls, and the boss himself had wedded a rich grass widow, that she WOKE UP and began to perceive that it is not the hand that rocks the cradle, but the hand that keeps itself manicured and wears diamonds, which really rules the world.

Then she turned to the bill clerk and hastily accepted his generous offer to share his burdens with her. And thereafter she lived perfectly happy in a kitchenette apartment, and reared a darling little—baldog.

And everybody said it was a SHAME for a woman like that to go on working for a living and "taking the bread out of men's mouths," when she ought to be staying at home attending to her household duties.

MORAL: Woman's Realm IS in the Home, but she can't stay there unless somebody provides the home.

ALSO: Nowadays, men seldom go down on their knees, unless they are on their uppers.

## The Day's Good Stories

## The Advantage.

I had been raising for twenty-four hours, and the ground was more like a lake than a football field; but the referee could not see his way to postponing the match.

"Squid, you ain't going to make up play in this!" said the visiting captain. "Of course you must play," declared the home captain. "Now, hang about. You've won the team. Which end are you taking?"

"Well," came the reply, with a sigh of resignation, "I reckon we'd better kick with the tide."—*Tit-Bits.*

## Played a Lone Hand.

A n old army officer, according to Mrs. Custer, had a four-year-old boy who never tired of war stories. Again and again they were related to him till he knew them so well that he would permit the slightest variation.

"The story is a little rough on me," said the officer. "But if you know a child, you know that he wants a plentiful sprinkling of 'I's, and 'a's, and 'e's in the third person. So I kept on as he told."

## At the Sies ow.

TICKET COLLECTOR: Hear that two-headed boy comes from Utah.

PROPRIETOR: Well, we'll advertise him as a Mormonismality.—*Laughlin's.*

## Supply.

NEW MINISTER:—But one thing more before I accept this charge. Have you got a "supply?"

DEACON:—We've got, though we never saw anything in the last preacher about it. I'll show you where it is and get you a bag, but I tell you it'll have to be just as much about selling it as the rest of us.—*Puck.*

## A SOLUTION.

"After all, there's only one way out of putting down the sale of drink."

"What's that?"

"Why, give it away."—*Sketch.*

## "Them Was the Happy Days!"

By Clare Victor Dwiggins

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